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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of the Crusaders. By the Author of "Waverley," "Quentin Durward," &c. 4 Vols. 12mo. 1825. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

THE long-announced and earnestly expected tales have at length appeared, and in four volumes, the author having apparently abandoned the design it was whispered he once entertained, of extending the number to five. Be this as it may, there is no abruptness in the close of the second tale, *The Talisman*, which is, on the contrary, wound up with perfect poetical justice and dramatic finish.

The first two volumes are occupied with *The Betrothed*, of which we shall content ourselves this week with saying, that the scene is laid (about the end of the 12th century) on the borders of Wales, near Chester; and that many of the characters belong to the lower ranks of life.

The *Talisman* is of a higher caste. It treats of the Crusade under Cœur de Lion, to recover Jerusalem from the Infidel; and presents us not only with that brave king and his associates, but with Saladin, the Moslem monarch, who may, indeed, be considered almost the hero of the tale. This distinction is, however, more strictly assignable to Sir Kenneth (once, where Homer nods, styled Sir Alan), a Scottish knight, whose chivalry forms the leading trace on which the romance hangs.

It may readily be imagined, that in such a field the talents of the author of *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe* have room for expansion; and we esteem this to be one of the most perfect historical designs which he has ever executed. The costume, the feelings of the age, the manners of the Crusaders in Palestine; the diversity of character in the most prominent persons, the conversations and quarrels, are all drawn with the accuracy of an eye and ear witness. And into these main features which history suggests, the incidents of the fiction glide with such entire harmony, that it is difficult, if possible, to tell where reality ends and invention begins.

The narrative opens with a fine description of a solitary knight, Sir Kenneth of the Sleeping Leopard, travelling over the desert near the Dead Sea, on a mission or pilgrimage to a famous anchorite, called the Hermit of Engaddi. He is encountered by a Saracen, whom he worships in the combat; and, in the spirit of those times, they become friends from being gallant foes, and journey together to a spring called the Diamond of the Desert. Their hot temperaments go frequently very nigh to cause a breach of truce; but an account of their encounter and repose will best serve to introduce them, and display their moods:

"As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving amongst them and beside them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the

wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. 'In the desert,' saith an Eastern proverb, 'no man meets a friend.' The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence, belonging to the victor in many contests.

"The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead-halt, confident that if his enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of an hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Moor renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foe, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foe

sprung from the ground, and, calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which he had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

" 'There is truce betwixt our nations,' he said, in the lingua franca commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; 'wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me?—Let there be peace betwixt us.'

"They were now arrived at the knot of palm-trees, and the fountain which welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion.

"We have spoken of a moment of truce in the midst of war; and this, a spot of beauty in the midst of a sterile desert, was scarce less dear to the imagination. It was a scene which, perhaps, would elsewhere have deserved little notice; but as the single speck, in a boundless horizon, which promised the refreshment of shade and living water, these blessings, held cheap where they are common, rendered the fountain and its neighbourhood a little paradise. Some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled in and arched over the fountain, to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth, or choked by the fitting clouds of dust with which the least breath of wind covered the desert. The arch was now broken, and partly ruinous;

but it still so far projected over, and covered in the fountain, that it excluded the sun in a great measure from its waters, which, hardly touched by a straggling beam, while all around was blazing, lay in a steady repose, alike delightful to the eye and the imagination. Stealing from under the arch, they were first received in a marble basin, much defaced indeed, but still cheering the eye, by shewing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that the hand of man had been there, and that man's accommodation had been in some measure attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs, that others had suffered similar difficulties, reposed in the same spot, and, doubtless, found their way in safety to a more fertile country. Again, the little scarce visible current which escaped from the basin, served to nourish the few trees which surrounded the fountain, and where it sunk into the ground and disappeared, its refreshing presence was acknowledged by a carpet of velvet verdure.

"In this delightful spot the two warriors halted, and each, after his own fashion, proceeded to relieve his horse from saddle, bit, and rein, and permitted the animals to drink at the basin, ere they refreshed themselves from the fountain head, which arose under the vault. They then suffered the steeds to go loose, confident that their interest, as well as their domesticated habits, would prevent their straying from the pure water and fresh grass.

"Christian and Saracen next sat down together on the turf, and produced each the small allowance of store which they carried for their own refreshment. Yet, ere they severally proceeded to their scanty meal, they eyed each other with that curiosity which the close and doubtful conflict in which they had been so lately engaged was calculated to inspire. Each was desirous to measure the strength, and form some estimate of the character, of an adversary so formidable; and each was compelled to acknowledge, that had he fallen in the conflict, it had been by a noble hand.

"The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, built after the ancient Gothic cast of form, with brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head. His features had acquired, from the hot climate, a hue much darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well opened blue eye, the colour of his hair, and of the mustaches which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His nose was Grecian and well formed; his mouth a little large in proportion, but filled with well-set, strong, and beautifully white teeth; his head small, and set upon the neck with much grace. His age could not exceed thirty, but if the effects of toil and climate were allowed for, might be three or four years under that period. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in latter life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms themselves remarkably well-shaped and brawny. A military hardihood, and careless frankness of expression, characterized his language and his motions; and his voice had the tone of one more accustomed to command than to obey, and who was in the habit of expressing his sentiments aloud and boldly, wherever he was called upon to announce them.

"The Saracen Emir formed a marked and striking contrast with the western crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs, and long spare hands and arms, though well proportioned to his person, and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour and elasticity which the Emir had lately exhibited. But on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome; so that nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a bulky champion, whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions. The countenance of the Saracen naturally bore a general national resemblance to the eastern tribe from whom he descended, and was as unlike as possible to the exaggerated terms in which the minstrels of the day were wont to represent the infidel champions, and the fabulous description which a sister art still presents upon sign-posts. His features were small, well-formed, and delicate, though deeply embrowned by the eastern sun, and terminated by a flowing and curled black beard, which seemed trimmed with peculiar care. The nose was straight and regular, the eyes keen, deep-set, black, and glowing, and his teeth equalled in beauty the ivory of his deserts. The person and proportions of the Saracen, in short, stretched on the turf near to his powerful antagonist, might have been compared to his sheeny and crescent-formed sabre, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was slung unbuckled on the same sod. The Emir was in the very flower of his age, and might perhaps have been termed eminently beautiful, but for the narrowness of his forehead, and something of too much thinness and sharpness of feature, or at least what seemed such in an European estimate of beauty."

From the fountain, the warriors pass among the rocky precipices which bound the desert, and are unexpectedly met by Theodrick, the Hermit of whom Sir Kenneth is in quest. His conduct betrays madness, real or pretended; but in the sequel he conducts them to his cell, and entertains them for the night. This cell is a part of a secret but extraordinary chapel, in which the Scottish knight meets with several adventures, the principal of which is, being favourably recognized by the lady of his love, Edith Plantagenet, a niece of Cœur de Lion's, who is on a pilgrimage there with the Queen and other ladies, to pray for the restoration of the King to health.

The scene now shifts to the sick Richard in his camp:

"It was on the decline of a Syrian day that Richard lay on his couch of sickness, loathing it as much in mind as his illness made it irksome to his body. His bright blue eye, which at all times shone with uncommon keenness and splendour, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental impatience, and glanced from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair, as fitfully and as vividly, as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunder-storm, which still, however, are glided by its beams. His manly features showed the progress of wasting illness, and his beard, neglected and untrimmed, had overgrown both lips and chin. Flinging himself from side to side, now clutching towards him the coverings, which at the next moment he flung as impatiently from him, his tossed couch and impatient gestures shewed at once the energy and the reckless impatience of a

disposition, whose natural sphere was that of the most active exertion.

"Beside his couch stood Thomas de Vaux, in face, attitude, and manner, the strongest possible contrast to the suffering monarch. His stature approached the gigantic, and his hair in thickness might have resembled that of Sampson, though only after the Israelitish champion's locks had passed under the sheers of the Philistines, for those of De Vaux were cut short, that they might be inclosed under his helmet. The light of his broad, large hazel eye, resembled that of the autumn morn, and it was only perturbed for a moment, when from time to time it was attracted by Richard's vehement marks of agitation and restlessness. His features, though massive like his person, might have been handsome before they were defaced with scars; his upper lip, after the fashion of the Normans, was covered with thick mustachios, which grew so long and luxuriantly as to mingle with his hair, and, like his hair, were dark brown, slightly bristled with grey. His frame seemed of that kind which most readily defies both toil and climate, for he was thin-flanked, broad-chested, long-armed, deep-breathed, and strong-limbed. He had not laid aside his buff-coat, which displayed the cross cut on the shoulder, for more than three nights, enjoying but such momentary repose as the warden of a sick monarch's couch might by snatches indulge. He rarely changed his posture, except to administer to Richard the medicine or refreshments, which none of his less favoured attendants could persuade the impatient monarch to take; and there was something affecting in the kindly, yet awkward manner, in which he discharged offices so strangely contrasted with his blunt and soldierly habits and manners."

In a colloquy between them the portraits of the allied Christian leaders, Phillip of France, Leopold of Austria, the Grand Master of the Templars, Conrad Marquis of Montserrat, &c. are admirably painted. It is evident that disunion has crept into the host, and that all but Richard are tired of the Crusade, and only want a fair excuse for withdrawing from it.

The next personage of note with whom we are made acquainted, is a Moorish physician, who comes pledged from Saladin, to cure his warlike rival of his grievous malady. He first exerts his *talismanic* skill on Straughan, the only remaining follower of Sir Kenneth.

"Beside the couch, sat on a cushion, also composed of skins, the Moorish physician of whom Sir Kenneth had spoken, cross-legged, after the Eastern fashion. The imperfect light showed little of him, save that the lower part of his face was covered with a long black beard, which descended over his breast—that he wore a high *talpac*, a Tartar cap of the lamb's wool manufactured at Astracan, bearing the same dusky colour, and that his ample caftan, or Turkish robe, was also of a dark hue. Two piercing eyes, which gleamed with unusual lustre, were the only lineaments of his visage that could be discerned amid the darkness in which he was enveloped."

The faithful Vaux is unwilling to trust his dear master in the hands of this infidel, and his reception is altogether characteristic and curious:

"Richard took a scroll, in which were inscribed these words: 'The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mahommed,' (Out upon the hound! said Richard, spitting in contempt, by way of interjection), 'Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and of Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melech Ric, Richard of England, greeting. Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee,



our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish medicinners, as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet." (Confusion on his head! again muttered the English monarch), "we have therefore sent to tend and wait upon thee at this time, the physician to our own person, Adonebec el Hakim, before whose face the angel Azzel spreads his wings, and departs from the sick chamber; who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, the path of the sun, moon, and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And this we do, praying you heartily to honour and make use of his skill; and that, not only that we may do service to thy worth and valour, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy which is at present between us to an end, either by honourable agreement, or by open trial thereof with our weapons, in a fair field. Seeing that it neither becomes thy place and courage, to die the death of a slave who hath been overwrought by his task master, nor bents it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapon by such a disease. And therefore, may the holy—"

"Hold, hold," said Richard, "I will have no more of his dog of a Prophet! It makes me sick to think the valiant and worthy Soldan should believe in a dead dog. Yes, I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim—I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity—I will meet him in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-axe—I will convert him to Holy Church with such blows as he has rarely endured: he shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him baptized in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with the blood of us both." Hastily, De Malton, why doest thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? fetch the Hakim hither."

Vaux, however, consults the Archbishop of Tyre, before performing this service—and

"The bishop heard the doubts which De Vaux stated, with the acuteness of intelligence which distinguishes the Roman Catholic clergy. The religious scruples of De Vaux, he treated with as much lightness as propriety permitted him to exhibit on such a subject to a layman.

"Medicinners," he said, "like the medicines which they employed, were often useful, though the one were by birth or manners the vilest of humanity, as the others are, in many cases, extracted from the basest materials. Men may use the assistance of pagans and infidels," he said, "in their need, and there is reason to think, that one cause of their being permitted to remain on earth, was, that they might minister to the convenience of true Christians—thus, we lawfully make slaves of heathen captives.—Again," continued the prelate, "there is no doubt that the primitive Christians used the services of the unconverted heathen—thus, in the ship of Alexandria, in which the blessed Apostle Paul sailed to Italy, the sailors were doubtless pagans, yet what said the holy saint when their ministry was needed—"Nisi hi in navi manserint, vos salvi fieri non potestis"—"Unless these men abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."—Again, Jews are infidels to Christianity, as well as Mahomedans. But there are few physicians in the camp excepting Jews, and such are employed without scandal or scruple. Therefore, Mahomedans may be used for their service in that capacity—*quod erat demonstrandum*."

"This reasoning entirely removed the scruples of Thomas De Vaux, who was particularly moved

by the Latin quotation, as he did not understand a word of it.

"But the bishop proceeded with far less fluency, when he considered the possibility of the Saracen's acting with bad faith; and here he came not to a speedy decision. The baron showed him the letters of credence. He read and re-read them, and compared the original with the translation.

"It is a dish curiously cooked," he said, "to the palate of King Richard, and I cannot but have my suspicions of the wily Saracen. They are curious in the art of poisons, and can so temper them that they shall be weeks in acting upon the party, during which time the perpetrator has leisure to escape. They can impregnate cloth and leather, nay, even paper and parchment, with the most subtle venom—Our Lady forgive me!—And wherefore knowing this, hold I these letters of credence so close to my face!—Take them, Sir Thomas, take them speedily."

"Here he gave them at arm's-length, and with some appearance of haste, to the baron. 'But come, my Lord De Vaux,' he continued, 'wend we to the tent of this sick acquire, where we shall learn whether this Hakim hath really the art of curing which he professeth, ere we consider whether there be safety in permitting him to exercise his art upon King Richard.—Yet hold! let me first take my pouncet-box, for these fevers spread like an infection. I would advise you to use dried rosemary, steeped in vinegar, my lord. I, too, know something of the healing art.'

"I thank your reverend lordship," replied Thomas of Gilsland: 'but had I been accessible to the fever, I had caught it long since by the bed of my master.'

"The Bishop of Tyre blushed, for he had rather avoided the presence of the sick monarch."

At length the physician is introduced, accompanied by the Grand Master of the Templars, Conrad, Vaux, and others.

Richard, when they entered his apartment, immediately exclaimed, 'So ho! a goodly fellowship come to see Richard take his leap in the dark. My noble allies, I greet you as the representatives of our assembled league; Richard will again be amongst you in his former fashion, or ye shall bear to the grave what is left of him. De Vaux, lives he or dies he, thou hast the thanks of thy prince. There is yet another—but this fever hath wasted mine eyesight—what, the bold Scot, who would climb Heaven without a ladder? he is welcome too. Come, Sir Hakim, to the work, to the work.'

"The physician, who had already informed himself of the various symptoms of the king's illness, now felt his pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stood silent, and in breathless expectation. The sage next filled a cup with spring water, and dipped into it the small purse, which as formerly, he took from his bosom. When he seemed to think it sufficiently medicated, he was about to offer it to the sovereign, who prevented him by saying, 'Hold an instant. Thou hast felt my pulse—let me lay my finger on thine. I too, as becomes a good knight, know something of thine art.'

"The Arabian yielded his hand without hesitation, and his long slender dark fingers were, for an instant, enclosed and almost buried in the large enfolding of King Richard's hand.

"His blood beats calm as an infant's," said the King; 'so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim with honour and safety—Commend us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt of his faith—should I live, it will be to thank him as a warrior should be thanked.'

"He then raised himself in bed, and took the

cup in his hand, and turning to the Marquis and the Grand Master,—Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me in Cyprus wine: To the immortal honour of the first crusader who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem; and to the shame and eternal infamy of whomsoever shall turn back from the plough on which he hath laid his hand!"

"He drained the cup to the bottom, resigned it to the Arabian, and sank back, as if exhausted, upon the cushions which were arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directed that all should leave the tent excepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment was cleared accordingly."

The recovery of the King is almost miraculous; and about this time Conrad visits the Archduke of Austria, in order to inflame the existing political divisions, and turn them to his own interest. There is much novelty in this scene:

"The time which he chose for his visit was noon, and the pretence, to present the Archduke with some choice Cyprian wine which had lately fallen into his hands, and discuss its comparative merits with those of Hungary and of the Rhine. An intimation of his purpose was of course answered by a courteous invitation to partake of the Archducal meal, and every effort was used to render it fitting the splendour of a sovereign prince. Yet, the refined taste of the Italian saw more cumbersome profusion, than elegance or splendour, in the display of provisions under which the board groaned.

"The Germans, though still possessing the martial and frank character of their ancestors who subdued the Roman empire, had retained withal no slight tinge of their barbarism. The practices and principles of chivalry were not carried to such a nice pitch amongst them as amongst the French and English knights, nor were they observers of the prescribed rules of society, which were among these nations supposed to express the height of civilization. Sitting at the table of the Arch-Duke, Conrad was at once stunned and amused, with the clang of Teutonic sounds assailing his ears on all sides, notwithstanding the solemnity of a princely banquet. Their dress seemed equally fantastic to him, many of the Austrian nobles retaining their long beards, and almost all of them wearing short jerkins of various colours, cut, and flourished, and fringed, in a manner not common in Western Europe.

"Numbers of dependants, old and young, attended in the pavilion, mingled at times in the conversation, received from their masters the relics of the entertainment, and devoured them as they stood behind the backs of the company. Jesters, dwarfs, and minstrels were there in unusual numbers, and more noisy and intrusive than they were permitted to be in better regulated society. As they were allowed to share freely in the wine, which flowed round in large quantities, their licensed tumult was the more excessive.

"All this while, and in the midst of a clamour and confusion which would better have become a German tavern during a fair than the tent of a sovereign prince, the Arch-duke was waited upon with a minuteness of form and observance which showed how anxious he was to maintain rigidly the state and character to which his elevation had entitled him. He was served on the knee, and only by faces of noble blood, fed upon plate of silver, and drank his Tokay and Rheish wines from a cup of gold. His ducal mantle as splendidly adorned with ermine, his coronet might have equalled in value a royal crown, and his feet, cased in velvet shoes (the length of which, it was included, might be two feet), rested upon a stool of solid silver. But it served partly, to i. ti-

mate the character of the man, that, although desirous to show attention to the Marquis of Montserrat, whom he had courteously placed at his right hand, he gave much more of his attention to his *spruch-sprecher*, that is, his man of conversation, or *sayer of sayings*, who stood behind the Duke's right shoulder.

"This personage was well attired, in a cloak and doublet of black velvet, the last of which was decorated with various silver and gold coins, stitched upon it, in memory of the munificent princes who had conferred them, and bearing a short staff, to which also bunches of silver coins were attached by rings, which he jingled by way of attracting attention, when he was about to say anything which he judged worthy of it. This person's capacity in the household of the Archduke, was somewhat betwixt that of a minstrel and a counsellor; he was by turns a flatterer, a poet, and an orator, and those who desired to be well with the Duke, generally studied to gain the good-will of the *spruch-sprecher*.

"Least too much of this officer's wisdom should become tiresome, the Duke's other shoulder was occupied by his *hoff-narr*, or court jester, called Jonas Schwanker, who made almost as much noise with his fool's-cap, bells, and bauble, as did the orator, or man of talk, with his jingling baton.

"These two personages threw out grave and comic nonsense alternately, while their master laughing or applauding them himself, yet carefully watching the countenance of his noble guest, to discern what impressions so accomplished a cavalier received from this display of Austrian eloquence and wit. It is hard to say whether the man of wisdom or the man of folly contributed most to the amusement of the party, or stood highest in the estimation of their princely master; but the sallies of both seemed excellently well received. Sometimes they became rivals for the conversation, and clanged their flappers in emulation of each other, with almost alarming contention; but, in general, they seemed on such good terms, and so accustomed to support each other's play, that the *spruch-sprecher* often condescended to follow up the jester's witticisms with an explanation, to render them more obvious to the capacity of the audience; so that his wisdom became a sort of commentary on the buffoon's folly. And sometimes, in requital, the *hoff-narr*, with a pithy jest, wound up the conclusion of the orator's tedious harangue.

"Whatever his real sentiments might be, Conrade took especial care that his countenance should express nothing but satisfaction with what he heard, and smiled or applauded as zealously, to all appearance, as the Arch-Duke himself, at the solemn folly of the *spruch-sprecher*, and the gibbering wit of the fool. In fact, he watched carefully until the one or other should introduce some topic, favourable to the purpose which was uppermost in his mind.

"It was not long ere the King of England was brought on the carpet by the jester, who had been accustomed to consider Dickon of the Broom as a subject of mirth, acceptable and inexhaustible. The orator, indeed, was silent, and it was only when applied to by Conrade, that he observed: 'The *genista*, or broom plant, was an emblem of humility; and it would be well when those who were it would remember the warning.'

"The allusion to the illustrious badge of Plantagenet was thus rendered sufficiently manifest, and Jonas Schwanker observed, that they who humbled themselves had been exalted with a vengeance.

"Honour unto whom honour is due," answered the Marquis of Montserrat; 'we have all had some part in these marches and battles, and methinks other princes might share a little in the

renown which Richard of England engrosses amongst minstrels and *minne-singers*. Has no one of the Joyeuse science a song in praise of the royal Arch-Duke of Austria, our princely entertainer?'

"Three minstrels emulously stepped forward with voice and harp. Two were silenced with difficulty by the *spruch-sprecher*, who seemed to act as master of the revels, and a hearing was at length procured for the poet preferred, who sung, in high German, stanzas which may be thus translated:

"What brave chief shall head the forces,
Where the red-cross legions gather?
Best of horsemen, best of horses,
Highest head and fairest feather.'

Here the orator, jingling his staff, interrupted the bard to intimate to the party, what they might not have inferred from the description, that their royal host was the party indicated, and a full crowned goblet went round to the acclamation—*Hoch lebe der Herzog Leopold*. Another stanza followed.

"Ask not Austria why, midst princes,
Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle,
Why to Heaven he soars the highest.'

"The eagle," said the expounder of dark sayings, 'is the cognizance of our noble lord the Arch-Duke—of his royal Grace, I would say—and the eagle flies the highest and nearest to the sun of all the feathered creation.'

"The lion hath taken a spring above the eagle," said Conrade, carelessly.

"The Arch-Duke reddened, and fixed his eyes on the speaker, while the *spruch-sprecher* answered, after a minute's consideration, 'The Lord Marquis will pardon me—a lion cannot fly above an eagle, because no lion hath got wings.'

"Except the lion of Saint Mark," said the jester.

"That is the Venetian's banner," said the Duke; 'but assuredly, that amphibious race, half nobles, half merchants, will not dare to place their rank in comparison with ours.'

"Nay, it was not of the Venetian lion that I spoke," said the Marquis of Montserrat; 'but of the three lions passant of England—formerly, it is said, they were leopards, but now they are become lions at all points, and must take precedence of beast, fish, or fowl, or woe worth the gain-stander.'

"Mean you seriously, my lord?" said the Austrian, now considerably flushed with wine; 'think you that Richard of England asserts any pre-eminence over the free sovereigns who have been his voluntary allies in this crusade?'

"I know not but from circumstances," answered Conrade; 'yonder hangs his banner alone in the midst of our camp, as if he were King and generalissimo of our whole Christian army.'

"And do you endure this so patiently, and speak of it so coolly?" said the Arch-Duke.

"Nay, my lord," answered Conrade, 'it cannot concern the poor Marquis of Montserrat to contend against an injury, patiently submitted to by such potent princes as Philip of France and Leopold of Austria. What dishonour you are pleased to submit to, cannot be a disgrace to me.'

"Leopold closed his fist, and struck on the table with violence.

"I have told Philip of this," he said; 'I have often told him that it was our duty to protect the inferior princes against the usurpation of this islander—but he answers me ever with cold respects of their relations together as suzerain and vassal, and that it were impolitic in him to make an open breach at this time and period.'

"The world knows that Philip is wise," said Conrade, 'and will judge his submission to be policy.—Yours, my lord, you can yourself alone

account for; but I doubt not you have deep reasons for submitting to English domination.'

"I submit!" said Leopold, indignantly.—'I, the Arch-Duke of Austria, so important and vital a limb of the Holy Roman Empire—I submit myself to this King of half an island—this grandson of a Norman bastard!—No, by Heaven! The camp, and all Christendom, shall see that I know how to right myself, and whether I yield ground one inch to the English ban-dog.—Up, my lieges and merry-men, up and follow me! We will—and that without losing one instant—place the eagle of Austria, where she shall float as high as ever floated the cognizance of king or caesar.'

"With that he started from his seat, and, amidst the tumultuous cheering of his guests and followers, made for the door of the pavilion, and seized his own banner, which stood pitched before it.

"Nay, my lord," said Conrade, affecting to interfere, 'it will blench your wisdom to make an affray in the camp at this hour, and perhaps it is better to submit to the usurpation of England a little longer than to—'

"Not an hour—not a moment longer!" vociferated the Duke; and, with the banner in his hand, and followed by his shouting guests and attendants, marched hastily to the central mount, from which the banner of England floated, and laid his hand on the standard-spear, as if to pluck it from the ground.

"My master, my dear master!" said Jonas Schwanker, throwing his arms about the Duke, 'take heed—lions have teeth—'

"And eagles have claws," said the Duke, not relinquishing his hold on the banner-staff, yet hesitating to pull it from the ground.

"The speaker of sentences, notwithstanding such was his occupation, had nevertheless some intervals of sound sense. He clashed his staff loudly, and Leopold, as if by habit, turned his head towards his man of counsel.

"The eagle is king among the fowls of the air," said the *spruch-sprecher*, 'as is the lion among the beasts of the field—each has his dominion, separated as wide as England from Germany—do thou, noble eagle, no dishonour to the princely lion, but let your banners remain floating in peace side by side.'

This outrage rouses the Lion King. He rushes from his couch, and in the face of the assembled multitudes dashes down and tramples on the Austrian flag, and to preserve his own from farther insult appoints Kenneth to watch it through the night.

We have now a delightful picture of Kenneth and his faithful Dog as sentinels on this post of honour; but, alas, Love is still stronger than Duty, and the Scottish Knight is seduced from his station by the token of Edith's ruby ring. During his brief absence his noble hound is stabbed, and the flag of England carried off. At day-break the incensed Richard condemns him to death, and furiously resists all the supplications of his Queen and Edith on his behalf (the former having been, for a frolic, the author of the joke which betrayed the soldier from his trust): at last, however, he grants his life to the prayer of the Hakim, who takes him away as a slave. Their journey towards the tents of Saladin, and the progress of plots in the Christian camps, we have no room to dwell upon. Suffice it to say, that the Templar and Conrade assail the life of Richard in various ways, and ultimately the hatred of the leaders breaks out into open rupture.

The sequel of the former is the return of Kenneth disguised as a dumb Nubian, in which shape he saves Richard from assassination, and, by the instinct of his dog, discovers Conrade to have been the secret robber of the English standard.

This augments the turmoil in the European Camp, and finally Conrade purges himself by mortal combat with the Scottish Knight, where the lists are spread at the Diamond of the Desert before Saladin and Richard, Saracens and Christians. The descriptions of this encounter are magnificently done. Kenneth overcomes his adversary, but he receives his *coup de grace* from the point of his own friend the Grand Templar, who dreads the discovery of their joint treason. A dwarf, however, witnesses this foul transaction, and the assassin is himself put to death by the Soldan. Kenneth turns out to be the Prince of Scotland, and the romance terminates with his union with Edith Plantagenet. The character of this heroine is extremely noble, and well contrasted with the lighter features of Queen Berengaria. Another of the secrets discovered in the sequel is, that Ilderim the Emir, the Hakim or Physician, and Saladin, are identical. Towards the conclusion of the last volume the Minstrel Blondel is happily brought forward; and this affords the author an opportunity of inserting a Poem, as sung by that favoured Troubadour. It is as follows:

"The Bloody Vest."

'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was sitting on a bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, 'Thomas a Kent.
Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little save iron and steel was there;
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear.
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.
'Thus speaks my lady,' the page said he,
'And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,
'She is Benevent's princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulph as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men may see
His ambition is back'd by his life chivalric.
'Therefore thus speaks my lady,' the fair page he said,
'And the knight lowly louted with hand and with head,
'Flung aside the good armour in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead.
For a hanberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight as thy wont is where most blood is shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead.
Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight of the weed hath taken, and reverently
hath kiss'd:—
'Now bless'd be the moment, the messenger be blest!
Much honour'd do I hold me my lady's high behest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed dress'd,
To the firmest armed champion I will not vail my crest,
But if I live and bear me well 'tis her turn to take the test.'

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyfte of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.

"Fyfte Second."

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honour, and losing of seats—
There was heaving with falchions, and splintering of
swords,
The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won graves,
O, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and breast,
Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bounce for her rest.
There were some dealt him wounds that were bloody and
sore,
But others respected his plight and forbore.
'It is some oath of honour,' they said, 'and I trow,
'Twere unknighly to slay him achieving his vow.'
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.
The feat it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair princess low louted a squire,
And delivered a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear thrust, all back'd and pierc'd
through;
All rent and all rattered, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud:
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I wene,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.
'This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent;

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulph should prevail in his suit;
Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown:
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run,
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

'I restore,' says my master, 'the garment I've worn,
And I claim of the princess to don it in turn;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crimson'd with gore.'

Then deep blush'd the Princess—yet kiss'd she and press'd
The blood-spotted robe to her lips and her breast.
'Go tell my true knight, church and chamber shall
show,

If I value the blood on this garment or no.'

And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minister and mass,
The first we'd the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood besmear'd night-robe she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink;
And the Prince, who in anger and shame had look'd
down,

Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with a frown:
'Now since thou hast published thy folly and guilt,
E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou hast spilt;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent.'

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood:
'The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as fask gives its wine;
And if for my sake she brooks penance and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she wreck of thy princedom and rent,
When I hall her, in England, the Countess of Kent.'

There are also two other poetical compositions which we are induced to quote: the first is, an address to the Infernal Spirit, and the second, the heading of a chapter, on Kenneth's defection:

"Ahriman."

Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we 'neath the extended sky,
An empire marching thine!
If the Benigner Power e'er yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock;
Where countless navies sink!
Or if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver!
Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer,
Is, Ahriman, thine own.
Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern Magi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to test thy prey!
Or art thy mix'd in Nature's source,
An ever operating force,
Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
And oh! victorious still!
How'er it be, dispute in vain,
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou gouldest into sin.
When'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whet'st our very banquet-knives
To tools of death and war.
Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rulest the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer—'tis thy power,
Dark Spirit! ended Tuxen.

"Edith's Song."

'The tears I shed must ever fall!
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

'I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they loved their steps must tread,
When death shall join to part no more.'

But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name."

With these quotations we conclude our notice of a tale which will long perpetuate a number of historical portraits, as ably delineated as any by this great Master's hand. The impetuous and chivalric Richard, the gallant and enlightened Soldan, the noble and devoted Scottish Prince, the bluff and brave English lord de Vaux, the proud and high-minded Plantagenet Edith, the lively and womanish queen Berengaria, the subtle and sagacious Philip of France, the heavy Leopold of Austria, the atrocious head of the Templars, and the less guilty Conrade of Montserrat, are all individualized with living skill. Nor are the inferior personages more indistinct; and even the faithful animal, the bound Roswal, seems doomed to immortal fame. The whole is a splendid performance, and revives that age which Burke declared to be for ever gone.

We shall speak of *The Betrothed*, though far less at length, next Saturday.

An Inquiry into the present State of the Civil Law of England. By John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. London, 1825. Murray.

This is a publication of no ordinary importance. It relates to a subject which now engrosses the attention not merely of the legislature, but of the great body of society which the legislature represents. And, perhaps, of all the subjects to which that attention can be turned, there is none of a higher or more universal interest, both as it respects politics and morals, than the mode in which justice is administered. To say that the loud and general complaints which are made upon this subject are utterly groundless, would be just as ridiculous, as to say that those who are most loud and vehement in uttering those complaints, have sufficient knowledge and understanding of the subject to make their opinions worth notice. But here is a book, the work of considerable labour, written by a man whose profession entitles his opinions, on such a subject, to great weight; which consists, from beginning to end, of discussions on the practical administration of justice in the various courts of this country; and which, in every branch of the discussion, disputes the wisdom of various parts of the existing system, and suggests innumerable alterations for its improvement.

There are other circumstances which give to this work a peculiar interest and importance. It has no tincture of party politics. The author has nothing in common, with Mr. Brougham, Mr. John Williams, and their coadjutors, who rake among the abuses or defects of the Courts of Justice for materials of attack against their most formidable political opponent. So far as we can gather of the political opinions of the author of this book from its contents, or can hear of these opinions from his friends, he is one who would, in politics, abjure all connexion with radicals or whigs. So far as we can judge of him as a lawyer, we should consider his qualities and habits to be speculative, rather than practical—savouring more of the library than of the court—and more accustomed to consider doctrines in the abstract, than in their actual application. This turn of thought and of study seems to us to account for the great and obvious errors which

his book, with all its merits, will be found to contain. Something must also be allowed for his prejudices, which are not slight nor few, and which hurry him to conclusions oftentimes wholly unwarranted by facts, and inconsistent with the patient deductions of accurate reasoning. There is, moreover, a certain strain of dogmatism and pomposity in the enunciation of his opinions, which detracts from their weight, even when they are most accurate, and makes them ridiculous when they are incorrect. But the sincerity and manliness with which his opinions are avowed, where they are most adverse to those living authorities, whose favour and patronage a meaner spirit would have courted by a humble acquiescence—the stern and uncompromising tone with which he has denounced every thing which he thought an abuse in the administration of justice, without regard to the great names by which they are sanctioned, entitle Mr. Miller to the honour and respect of the country, and to the gratitude of the profession to which he belongs. We say that it entitles him in a peculiar degree to the gratitude of the gentlemen of the bar, because they have lain under the imputation of countenancing abuses in the Courts of Justice, from mere personal and interested motives. But now, we lay our hands on this volume, and we can say that the imputation is unjust.

The vulgar prejudice and out-cry against lawyers and Courts of Law, has of late extended almost beyond the vulgar sphere. The Court of Chancery, which has always had an ill character on the score of its delays, has naturally come in for more than its aliquot part of this abuse, because the Chief Judge in that court, possessed as he is of great and good qualities, is avowedly dilatory and indecisive to a degree, which, in a man possessed of such great faculties, is absolutely astonishing. Dilatoriness and indecision in the Chief Judge, with a great increase of business requiring the utmost dispatch, and of a nature to exact the utmost diligence from the most rapid and decisive judge, have concurred to produce delays in the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery, which (we speak upon good information,) but for the unthanked labours of one of the inferior judges in that court, could never have been endured in this country. Entertaining, as we do, the most sincere and profound respect—a respect amounting almost to veneration, for the integrity, and learning, and talents, and principles of the present Lord Chancellor, it is impossible not to acknowledge, what he has himself repeatedly acknowledged, that there is, in the constitution of his mind, something which occasions a difficulty in the delivery of his decisions, which makes the rapid dispatch of business a matter with him absolutely impossible. In the business of a judge, as in all other business, rapidity and accuracy are qualities of inestimable importance. And whoever considers the nature of the business which is transacted in a court of justice, must feel that wherever there is less than a combination of both these great qualities, there is a deficiency which nothing else can supply, and the public duties of the judge cannot be adequately discharged. The man who questions the integrity, the learning, the talents, the consistency, or the sound judgment of Lord Eldon, as a lawyer and a statesman, must want either the knowledge or the candour which are necessary to give weight to his opinion. But whoever knows the state of business in the Court of Chancery, and knows the mode in which the business is treated before the supreme judge in that court, and knowing these matters, shall say, that there is that combination of accuracy and dispatch which the due administration

of justice requires, must be weak or wicked beyond the regard of any honourable mind.

The opinions expressed of this great judge, by the author of this book, are expressed openly and manfully, but to our notions they are not unprejudiced opinions. They go to blame him, chiefly, for omitting certain reforms in the law. But then, the practical utility of these reforms is certainly questionable. Censures upon that ground, therefore, are not very formidable in truth, though they are expressed with great emphasis in the following extract. After quoting a passage from the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, as to the duties of a judge, Mr. Miller proceeds thus:

"Lord Eldon has not thought fit to follow these directions. He came into power at a conjuncture when the decided change which was taking place in the texture of society, wealth, commerce, and population of the country, indicated that a greater change in our law and legal institutions would soon become desirable, than had taken place at any antecedent period of our history. Had he prompted, promoted, or superintended this great work, the length of his reign, and extent of his influence, would have enabled him to bring it almost, or altogether to its completion, and thus to have left a monument to his memory, which it falls to the lot of few individuals to have the power of erecting. Unfortunately for the country, and his own reputation, he has pursued a totally opposite course. Feeling that his strength did not lie in the depth and comprehensiveness of his general views, so much as in the extent of his acquaintance with the minutiae of precedent and practice, and perceiving also that the surest way of continuing in place is to abstain from all innovation, his love of power, combined with his love of superiority, induce him to withhold from all decided improvements himself, and to look with an unfavourable eye on those which were proposed by others. In this course he has invariably persevered. It can hardly be expected that confirmed habits and opinions should be changed at 75, but it is one of the greatest disadvantages of permitting an aged person too long to occupy the same office, that he is apt to look upon it as a private possession which he is entitled to manage at his own will and pleasure, instead of regarding it as a public trust, which he can neither conscientiously desire, nor ought to be permitted to retain any longer than while he is both able and willing to discharge the whole of the duties appertaining to it. It is probable that, at this moment, Lord Eldon has no conception of the sentiments which are almost universally entertained of his judicial administration, either by the persons who frequent his Court, or by those who are capable of judging out of it. He has never heard the truth spoken with that freedom and affection with which it flows from the lips of friends of equal understanding. It is one of his greatest misfortunes that through life he has made age, submissiveness, and mediocrity, the passports to his favour, and has as studiously kept aloof from men of liberal and independent minds, as he has kept them aloof from him. There are several reasons, both public and private, why I should have abstained from these observations, if I thought I properly could, and there are none of a private nature which could have led me to express them. I never asked a favour at his hands, or met with any fancied incivility or disservice from him, or through his intervention. I am not aware of being actuated by any other motive in giving them publicity, but a conviction of their truth, and a firm persuasion that, with all the knowledge, industry, and sagacity, which Lord Eldon possesses, he is even now grievously hindering the law as a science, and has done an injury to it as a profes-

sion which is almost irreparable. While he feels no reluctance to testify the sense he entertains of the errors and imperfections of the law and its procedure, with the most unaccountable inconsistency he omits no opportunity of ridiculing and resisting every attempt which is made for its rectification. But there is every prospect that this state of things will not long continue. It is almost impossible that Lord Eldon's opinions can accord with those of his colleagues, to the wisdom of whose policy they are in such direct and manifest opposition, and the government will at length see the indispensable necessity of no longer permitting the obstinacy or procrastination of one man to stand in the way of the wants and wishes of a whole people. The fountains of inquiry and discussion have been opened up: the streams of information which they are sending forth are augmenting and collecting; and whether he resigns his office or retains it, he must either yield to the current, or with all his doubts and difficulties he will find himself carried away before it."

So much for the author's opinions of Lord Eldon. Though expressed with some bitterness, they will be read with interest, because they are bold and straight-forward; but, as they go to impeach the wisdom of that distinguished individual, they do not touch any vulnerable part; they do not (as it strikes us) leave that impression of truth and justice in the propositions of the author, which compels our assent.

The other parts of the work, which treat of the actual state of the various Courts of Law, and of proposed amendments, have less interest than is contained in the passage which we have quoted, because they have no touch of that strong colour which must be given of the character of a distinguished man: and yet the discussions, in every part of the work, are conducted with a force and vivacity that strongly engages our attention. The following observations, for instance, contain very strong views; and if we cannot assent to them as entirely correct, yet they are enounced with a degree of clearness and precision which show that they are the fruit of considerable thought.

"No Judge can safely be behind the times he lives in. An acquaintance with cases and a knowledge of minute points of practice can scarcely be rated too highly. They are always of evident, and frequently of decisive utility: yet after all, they cannot be deemed the greatest qualifications of a judicial character. A Judge who devotes himself for a long course of years to the mere mechanical part of the law, without studying it as a science, or looking at the extent to which the system he is administering fulfils the ends of justice, becomes incapable of looking at the subject in one of its most interesting and useful points of view. A distinct perception of the grand rules of law or equity is by no means so easily acquired as is usually imagined. A maxim may easily be quoted, or a leading doctrine referred to by a wavering mind striving to escape from a difficulty, but a thorough command of such a body of general principles as will satisfactorily solve the mass of cases which occur, without suffering one of them to do violence to another, is what few Judges have attained unto. A correct and comprehensive knowledge of the main principles of law has scarcely ever been combined in the same individual with an extraordinary familiarity with all the intricacies of practice. In the present state of the law of England it is impossible, and there is no reason why the fact should be either concealed or evaded. The more both of them can be acquired, so much the more perfect does the judicial character become, but if an election must be made, that which is more necessary ought to

be preferred to that which is less. In a subordinate Judge, a knowledge of practice may wisely be made his chief recommendation, but the higher he is elevated in rank, the more indispensable is it that he should have an enlarged view of human knowledge and affairs, and, above all, a firm grasp of the leading rules of natural rectitude and justice.

"This, among others, is an unanswerable reason why judges should be elevated to the bench before they be too aged. The mind of a lawyer soon becomes warped, unless great care is taken to prevent it. The habit of arguing on every side of a question cannot fail to have an unfavourable effect on the understanding; the partialities he acquires for doctrines for which he has accidentally been led to contend at the bar, may sometimes be traced through every period of his subsequent judicial life; and what is still more melancholy, he is but too apt to give into practices, of the discredit of which he is not sufficiently sensible at the time, and cannot with decency, express a due degree of reprobation afterwards. If an advocate reminds at the bar until he has sounded all the depths of practice, he should never be taken from it. He has lost more than he has gained, and more than by any pains or application he can recover afterwards. Whether much practice at the bar be the best preparation for a judge, is still a controverted question. Many of those who fill the highest offices in the law, in the different states in Europe, have never practiced as barristers at all. Most of the judicial officers in France, in former times, practiced extremely little. The mistaken partiality at preference which the French have always shown to military, rather than judicial merit, has hitherto induced them to withhold their due portion of renown from a class of men of the most distinguished worth, capacity, and patriotism, who have ever risen up among them. In Germany, also, the law faculties in the Universities, who were mostly if not altogether composed of professors who had never practiced, until 1815 the judicial tribunals to whom questions of law were always referred in the last resort. The law faculty of Saxony in the University of Leipzig enjoyed that dignity to the present day."

We shall not enter into any discussion on the accuracy of these positions, though most of them are very questionable. But we shall return again to Mr. Miller's book, which contains much more interesting matter than we have room to notice in our present number.

Life of the Minnesingers. 12mo. pp. 326. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Curious to the antiquarian, interesting to the poet and amusing to the lovers of literature, Mr. Miller will acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the authors of this work. A great mass of information is collected, with many elegant translations: we regret that our limits will not allow of our doing more than extracting two or three as specimens. The first is from

"*Henry of Ripsach, or the Virtuous Clerk.*"

"The woodlands with my songs resound,
As still I seek to gain
The favour of that lady fair
Who causeth all my pain.
My fate is like the nightingale's
That singeth all night long,
While still the woodlands mournfully
But echo back her song.
What care the wild woods as they wave
For all the sonneteer's pains!
Who gives her the reward of thanks
For all her tuneless strains!
In dull and mute ingratitude
Her sweetest songs they hear,
Their tenants roam the desert wild,
And want no music there."

"*La Comtesse de Die*" is the author of the second:

"I sing of one I would not sing,
Such anguish from my love hath sprung;
I love him more than earthly thing;
But beauty, wit, or pleadings, wrong
From my heart's depth, can gain for me
Nor gratitude nor courtesy;
And I am left, deceived, betray'd,
Of him, like frail or faithless maid.
On one sweet thought my soul has dwelt,—
That my unchanging faith was thine;
Not Seguis for Valenza felt
A love more pure and high than mine:
In all beside thou art above
My highest thoughts—but not in love,
Cold as thou art, and proud to me,
To others all humility.
Yet must I wonder, gazing there
On that severe and chilling mien:
It is not just, another fair
Should fill the heart where I have been:
Whatever her worth, she remembers thou
Love's early days, love's fondest vow;
Heaven grant no idle words of mine
Have caused this cold neglect of thine!
When I remember all thy worth,
Thy rank, thy honours,—well I see
There cannot be the heart on earth
That would not bend in love to thee:
But thou, whose penetrating eyes
Can quickly pierce through each disguise,
The tenderest, truest, heart will see,
And surely then remember me.
On worth, or rank, I might rely,
On beauty, or, yet more, on love;
But one soft song at least I'll try—
A song of peace, that remember thou:
And I would learn, beloved one, now,
Why cold and harsh and rude art thou;
If love hath given her place to pride,
Or cold dislike in thee preside?

This, and much more my messenger should say,
Warning all hearts 'gainst Pride's relentless way."

"*From Eschenburg's Denkmäler.*"

"Last evening by my fair I sat,
And now on this we talk'd—now that;
Freely she sat by me, and said
She loved with love unaltered."

Last evening, when from her I parted,
In dearest friendship, faithful hearted,
Her sacred vow she plight'd me,
To joy or sorrow, mine to be."

Last eve, at leaving her, she clung
Close to my side, and I shared the bliss
And far along she went with me,
And oh! how kind and dear was she!
To day, when to her side I came,
How cool, how alter'd that proud dame!
All was reversed;—and back I turn'd,
By her, who with my true love, spurn'd."

"*From John Hudibras.*"

"I saw you infant in her arms caress'd,
And as I gazed on her my pulse beat high:
Gently she clasp'd it to her snowy breast,
While I, in rapture lost, stood musing by:
Then her white hands around his neck she flung,
And press'd it to her lips, and tenderly
Kiss'd his fair cheek as o'er the babe she hung.
And he, that happy infant! threw his arms
Around her neck, imprinting many a kiss;
Jovial, as I would joy, to see such charms,
As though he knew how blest a lot were his.
How could I gaze on him and not repine!
Alas! I cried, would that I shared the bliss
Of that embrace, and that such joy were mine!
Straight she was gone; and then that lovely child
Ran joyfully to meet my warm embrace:
Then fancy with fond thoughts my soul beguil'd:—
It was herself! O dream of love and grace!
I clasp'd it, where her gentle hands had prest,
I kiss'd each spot which bore her lips' sweet trace,
And joy the while went bounding through my breast."

There are some curious etchings; and, altogether, the work is no small addition to polite literature.

PEPPY'S MEMOIRS, &c.

As we anticipated, this work has not yet found its way into circulation, the noble Editor presenting those which were earliest ready to his friends, and the mass for publication being delayed by some of those hindrances which almost always attend the issue from the press. We, therefore, agreeably to promise, apply ourselves to the task of again selecting and arranging as much as we can of the interesting contents for the gratification of our readers. In this Number we shall give the precedence of extract to literary notices, and follow these with the drama and the arts, as well as with more miscellaneous matter. May 1661, the author meets a person of considerable celebrity, which is thus related:

"23d. In my black silk suit (the first day I have put it on this year) to my Lord Mayor's by coach, with a great deal of honourable company, and great entertainment. At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmore, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed. Dr. Bates's singularity in not rising up nor drinking the King's nor other healths at the table was very much observed. . . .

"This day was kept a holy-day through the town; and it pleased me to see the little boys walk up and down in procession with their broom-sticks in their hands, as I had myself long ago done."

The following entries respecting the famous poem of Hudibras are very amusing:

"Dec. 26, 1662. To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go to find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Peshyter K; it going to the wpre, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by in the night at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.

"Feb. 1662-3. To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the temple of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.

"Nov. 28, 1663. To Paul's Church Yard, and there looked upon the second part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

"Dec. 10. To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthies, the Cabbala or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and *Hudibras*, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home, and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth; and so home to supper and to bed. Calling at Wotton's, my shoe-maker's, to-day, he tells me that Sir H. Wri. is dying; and that Harris is come to the Duke's house again; and of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's. The story of Henry the eighth with all his wives."

We presume, the numbered may also be placed among the literature of the age. Taking leave of the year 1664, the Secretary to the Admiralty records:

"In 1668, Mr. Pepys meets Butler personally, and states it, 'Com. Mr. Cooper, Males, Harris, M. that wrote *Hudibras*, and Mr. Cooper's son; and by and by come Mr. Hevena and his son, whom I never saw before. And there we dined; a good dinner, and commended that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted."

"This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books; and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly. Among others, I found these two or three notes, which I thought fit to keep.

CHARMES.

For Stenching of Blood.

Sanguis mane in te,
Sicut Christus fuit in se;
Sanguis mane in tua vena;
Sicut Christus in sua pena;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

2 A Thorne.

Jesus, that was of a Virgin born,
Was pricked both with nail and thorn;
It neither wealed, nor belled, rankled nor boned;
In the name of Jesus no more shall this.

Or thus:—

Christ was of a Virgin born,
And he was pricked with a thorn,
And it did neither bell, nor swell;
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

3 A Cramp.

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

4 A Burning.

There came three Angels out of the East;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
Out fire, in frost.
In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

Of a piece with these *charmes*, is a notice of the celebrated Sir W. Petty:

"Sir William Petty did tell me that in good earnest he hath in his will left some parts of his estate to him that could invent such and such things. As among others, that could discover truly the way of milk coming into the breasts of woman; and he that could invent proper characters to express to another the mixture of relishes and tastes. And says, that to him that invents gold, he gives nothing for the philosopher's stone; for (says he) they that find out that, will be able to pay themselves. But, says he, by this means it is better than to go to a lecture; for here my executors, that must part with this, will be sure to be well convinced of the invention before they do part with their money."

Another celebrated literary person is, among several other memoranda, thus spoken of:

"Nov. 5th. 1665. By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, Indian ink, water colours; graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, Gardening; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He shewed me his Hortus Hyemalis: leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than an herbar. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceit; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there.

"24th. Visited Mr. Evelyn, where most excellent discourse with him; among other things he showed me a lieger of the Treasurer of the Navy, his great grandfather, just 100 years old; which I seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it, which I take as a great rarity; and he hopes to find me more, older than it. He also showed me several letters of the old Lord of

Leicester's, in Queen Elizabeth's time, under the very hand-writing of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, Queen of Scots; and others, very venerable names. But, Lord! how poorly, methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what plain uncut paper."

After all, however, the literature mentioned by Pepys does not bear a proportion to other subjects, but may be called scanty: we can add but few more instances:

"1667, Aug. 10th. Sir John Denham's Poems are going to be all printed together; and, among others, some new things; and among them he showed me a copy of verses of his upon Sir John Minnes's going heretofore to Bullogue to eat a pig. Cowly, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious man; which I did not know before.

"12th. To my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's Discourse of Witches; and do hear Mr. Cowly mightily lamented (his death) by Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Bates, who were standing there, as the best poet of our nation, and as good a man.

"1667-8. Jan. 1st. Dined with my Lord Crewe, with whom was Mr. Browne, Clerk of the House of Lords, and Mr. John Crewe. Here was mighty good discourse, as there is always: and among other things my Lord Crewe did turn to a place in the Life of Sir Philip Sidney, wrote by Sir Fulke Greville, which do foretell the present condition of this nation, in relation to the Dutch, to the very degree of a prophecy; and is so remarkable that I am resolved to buy one of them, it being quite through a good discourse.

"March 18th. In favour to my eyes staid at home reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife; which shows her to be a mad, conceited, and ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

In June, Mr. Pepys is on an excursion through Wilts and Somersetshire, and he tells us, at Bath, that he "took coach, and away without any of the company of the other stage-coaches that go out of this town to-day; and rode all day with some trouble, for fear of being out of our way, over the Downes (where the life of the shepherds is, in fair weather only, pretty.) In the afternoon come to Abury; where seeing great stones like those of Stonehenge standing up, I stopped and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and showed me a place trenched in, like Old Sarum almost, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than those at Stonehenge in figure, to my great admiration: and he told me that most people of learning coming by do come and view them, and that the King did so: and the mount cast hard by is called Selbury, from one King Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man 1s. So took coach again, seeing one place with great high stones pitched round, which I believe was once some particular building, in some measure like that of Stonehenge. But, about a mile off, it was prodigious to see how full the Downes are of great stones; and all along the vallies stones of considerable bigness, most of them growing certainly out of the ground, so thick as to cover the ground; which makes me think the less of the wonder of Stonehenge, for hence they might undoubtedly supply themselves with stones, as well as those at Abury. In my way did give to the poor and menders of the highway 3s. Before night come to Marlborough, and lay at the Hart; a good house, and a pretty fair town for a street or two; and what is most singular is, their houses on one side having their pent-houses [supported with pillars,

which makes it a good walk. All the five coaches that come this day from Bath, as well as we, were gone out of the town before six.

"Sept. 1668. To my booksellers for 'Hobbs' Leviathan,' which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8s. I now give 24s. at the second hand, and is sold for 30s. it being a book the bishops will not let be printed again."

We turn from letters to theatricals, respecting which the entries are very numerous and very entertaining. Mr. Pepys was a great play-goer, and his remarks on the first nights of plays, which now constitute our ancient drama, will be read with much interest; they also incidentally serve happily to illustrate the manners of the times:

"1660. August 18th. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,* where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady I ever saw in my life.

"Oct. 11. In the Park we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpit to see 'The Moore of Venice,' which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered.

"Nov. 20th. Mr. Shepley and I to the play-house near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's tennis-court) where the play of 'Beggars' Bush'† was newly begun; and we went in and saw it well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone, who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King, and indeed it is the finest play-house I believe, that ever was in England.

"Dec. 31st. In Paul's Church-yard I bought the play of Henry the Fourth, and so went to the new theatre and saw it acted; but my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book, I believe, did spoil it a little.

"Jan. 3d. 1660-1. To the theatre, where we acted 'Beggars' Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that I ever saw women come upon the stage.

"7th. Tom and I and my wife to the theatre, and there saw 'The Silent Woman.' Among other things here, Kinaston the boy had the god turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Moore; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in the third was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house: and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house.

"31st. To the theatre, and there sat in the pite among the company of fine ladies, &c. and the house was exceeding full, to see 'Arctus and Parthenia,' the first time that it hath been acted: and indeed it is good, though wrong by my over great expectations, as all things else are.

"Feb. 12th. By coach to the theatre and there saw 'The Scornfull Lady,' now donned a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me.

"23d. To the play-house, and there saw

* A Tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher.
† Edward Kynaston, engaged by Sir W. D'Avant in 1660 to perform the principal female characters he afterwards assumed the male ones in the first part of tragedy, and continued on the stage till the end of King William's reign. The period of his death is not known.
"The Beggars' Bush," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher.

§ Mohun, or Moone, the celebrated actor, he had borne a Major's commission in the King's army. The period of his death is uncertain.

|| Argalus and Parthenia, a pastoral, by Hey Glaphthorn, taken from Sydnay's Arcadia.

'The Changeling', the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tired with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich.

"March 2d. After dinner I went to the theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I do not know) that I went out again, and so to Salisbury Court, where the house as full as could be; and it seems it was a new play, 'The Queen's Mask', wherein there are some good humours: among others, a good jeer to the old story of the Siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts in it.

"11th. After dinner I went to the theatre, and there saw 'Love's Mistress' done by them, which I do not like; and some things as well as their acting in Salisbury Court.

"23d. To the Red Bull (where I had not been since plays come up again) up to the tiring-room, where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poor, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pit, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called 'All's lost by Lust', poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, in the musick-room the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his ears and beat him so, that it put the whole house in an uproar.

"April 20th. To the Cockpit; and there, by the favour of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchesse, (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor.) And so saw 'The Humane Lieutenant' acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity.

"July 2d. Went to Sir William Davenant's Opera; this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of 'The Siege of Rhodes'. We staid a very great while for the King and the Queen of Bohemia. And by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's hair, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuche, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage.

"4th. I went to the theatre, and there I saw 'Clamant' (the first time I ever saw it,) well acted. But strange to see this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera began; and so will continue for a while, I believe.

"August 15th. To the Opera, which begins again to-day with 'The Witts', never acted yet with scenes; and the King and Duke and Duchesse were there (who dined to-day with Sir William Davenant.)

"The Changeling, a Tragedy, by Thomas Middleton. The plot is taken from a story in 'God's Revenge against Murder'.

"Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Masque, by T. Heywood.

"A Tragedy, by W. Rowley.

"Sir William Davenant, the celebrated dramatic writer and patron of the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Ob. 1668, aged 64.

"Of which Sir W. Davenant was the author."

"A tragedy-comedy by Thomas Killigrew."

"A Comedy, by Sir W. Davenant."

H. Finch, reader at the Temple, in great state;) and indeed it is a most excellent play, and admirable scenes.

"27th. My wife and I to the theatre, and there saw 'The Jovial Crew', where the King, Duke and Duchesse, and Madame Palmer, were; and my wife, to her great content, had a full sight of them all the while.

"Nov. 4. With my wife to the Opera, where we saw 'The Bondman', which of old we both did so doate on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here, (having too great expectations) as formerly at Salisbury Court. But for Beerton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world.

"Dec. 16th. After dinner to the Opera, where there was a new play, (Cutter of Coleman Street) made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late time; and it being the first time the pay was double, and so to save money, my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well; and a very good play it is. It seems of Cowleys making.

"Feb. 5th, 1665. To the Playhouse, and there saw 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife'; very well done. And here also I did look long upon my Lady Castlemaine, who, notwithstanding her sickness, continues a great beauty.

"18th. Saw 'The Law against Lovers', a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the losse of Roxiana would spoil the house.

"March 1. To the Opera, and there saw 'Romeo and Juliet', the first time it was ever acted. I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less."

But we have already given our readers more than a year and a half of dramatic news, after the Restoration; an though a great deal of still more curious matter remains to be quoted, we shall for the sake of variety, now, proceed with extracts of a different description.

A remarkable anecdote is related about the period of 1667.

"Mr. Cooling told us how the King, once speaking of the Duke of York's being mastered by his wife, said to some of the company by, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter (meaning the Duke of York) and his wife. Tom Killigrew being by, said, "Sir, pray which is the best for a man to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?" meaning the King's being so to my Lady Castlemaine."

The following may also be received as strongly displaying the manners of the times:

"I to Sir George Carteret's to dinner; where Mr. Cofferer Ashburnham; who told a good story of a prisoner's being condemned at Salisbury for a small matter. While he was on the bench with his father-in-law Judge Richardson, and while they were considering to transport him to save his life, the fellow flung a great stone at the Judge, that missed him, but broke through the wainscot. Upon this he had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently. - - -

"Or the 'Merry Beggars,' a Comedy, by Richard Brome."

"Thomas Betterton, the celebrated actor, born in 1635, was the son of an under cook to Charles I., and first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, in 1659. After the Restoration, two distinct theatres were established by Royal Authority; one in Drury Lane, called the King's Company, under a patent granted to Killigrew; the other in Lincoln's Inn Fields, styled the Duke's Troop, the patronage of which was Sir W. Davenant, who engaged Mr. Betterton in 1662. Mr. B. died in 1710, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey."

"A tragedy-comedy by Sir William Davenant; taken from 'Measure for Measure,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing'."

"A character in 'Ephraim,' or the Silent Woman."

"To the Bear-garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them scamen, striving by force to get in. I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there." - - -

And in 1666. "After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Bear-garden; where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs: one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drink wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home; and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright, till about twelve at night, flinging out fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we in to Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, (W. Batelier dancing well,) and dressing him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with my wife came over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on periwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed." - - -

"With Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster; who by the way told me how merry the King and Duke of York and Court were the other day, when they were abroad a-bunting. They came to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained, and all made drunk; and being all drunk, Armerer did come to the King, and swore to him by God 'Sir,' says he, 'you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be.' Not I? says the King. 'Why so?' 'Why,' says he, 'if you are, let us drink his health.' 'Why let us,' says the King. Then he fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. 'Nay, Sir,' says Armerer, 'by God you must do it on your knees!' So he did, and then all the company; and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King; and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were; and so passed the day. But Sir H. Cholmly tells me, that the King hath this good luck: that the next day he hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before, nor will suffer any body to gain upon him that way; which is a good quality."

We wish to contrast this with a noble anecdote, which shows the spirit of our brave tars, even when they were generally so ill paid, ill commanded, and ill disciplined.

"Invited to Sir Christopher Ming's funeral, but find them gone to church. However I into the church (which is a fair large church, and a great chapel) and there heard the service, and staid till they buried him, and then out. And

there met with Sir W. Coventry (who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he) and went with him into his coach, and being in it with him there happened this extraordinary case,---one of the most romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it; which was this:--- About a dozen able, lusty, proper men come to the coach-side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest begun and said to Sir W. Coventry, 'We are here a dozen of us, that have long known and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fire-ship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that which shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge.' Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved, (as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping,) and took their names, and so parted; telling me that he would move His Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts, and most excellent tongue among ordinary men; and as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renown here at home, and more abroad in the West Indies. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but dying at this time, his memory and name (his father being always and at this day a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's daughter; of which he was used frequently to boast) will be quite forgot in a few months as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it; he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor rather than rich."

What follow are chosen for the sake of imparting further variety to this Review.

"Dec. 1, 1662. Over the Parke, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skatees, which is a very pretty art.

"31st. Mr. Porey and I to Whitehall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchesse at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queene, the Duke and the Duchesse, and all the great ones; and after seeing themselves, the King takes out the Duchesse of York; and the Duke, the Duchesse of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies: and they danced the Brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies. very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of Englands. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicks, were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queene herself, stand up: and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having stand here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

"1663, May 28. To see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shewn a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign.

"June 7th. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us,' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw."

The account of the plague is not so historical as we have elsewhere read it; but it is full of authentic and characteristic particulars. The same may be said of the details of the great fire: but these topics we cannot enter upon as yet.

"1665-6. I am told for certain, what I have heard once or twice already of a Jew in town, that in the name of the rest to offer to give any man 10*l.* to be paid 100*l.*, if ascertain person now at Smyrna be within these two years owned by all the Princes of the East, and particularly the grand Segnor as the King of the world, in the same manner we do the King of England here, and that this man is the true Messiah. One named a friend of his that had received ten pieces in gold upon this score, and says that the Jew hath disposed of 1100*l.* in this manner, which is very strange; and certainly this year of 1666, will be a year of great etion; but what the consequences of it will be, God knows! - - -

"Mr. Batelier told me how, with with some others at Bourdeaux, making a bargain with another man at a tavern for some clarts, they did hire a fellow to thunder (which he had the art of doing upon a deale board) and to rain ad hail, that is, make the noise of, so as did give him a pretence of undervaluing their merchants wines, by saying this thunder would spoil ad turn them. Which was so reasonable to themerchant, that he did abate two pistolls per ton for the wine in belief of that. - - -

"To St. James's, and did our usual business before the Duke of York; which signified little, our business being only complaints of lack of money. Here I saw a bastard of the late King of Sweden's come to kiss his hands; a mighty modish French-like gentleman Thence to White Hall, with Sir W. Batten and W. Pen, to Wilkes's; and there did hear many stories of Sir Henry Wood. About Lrd Norwich drawing a tooth at a health. - - -

"Dec. 8th. The great Proviso passed the House of Parliament yesterday: which makes the King and Court mad, the King having given order to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses and brothels, to bid all the Parliament-men that were thertoe go to the Parliament presently. This is me, it seems; but it was carried against the Curt by thirty or forty voices. It is a Proviso to the Poll Bill, that there shall be a committee of nine persons that shall have the inspection upon oath, and power of giving others, of all the counts of the money given and spent for this war. This hath a most sad face, and will breed very ill blood. He tells me, brought in by Sir Robert Howard, who is one of the King's servants at least hath a great office, and hath got, they say, 20,000*l.* since the King came in. Mr. Piercedid also tell me as a great truth, as being told by Mr. Cowly, who was by and heard it, that om Killgrew should publicly tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill stae; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this one Charles Stuart,

who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.' This, he says, is most true; but the King do not profit by any of this but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration. - - -

"Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston, the organist. He says many of the musiques are ready to starve, they being five years behind-hand for their wages: nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almshouse of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12*l.* to buy two or three links. Thence I up to the Lords' House to enquire for my Lord Bellasses; and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that he durst do this were he any where else: Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself; Dorchester said that he lyed. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwig, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and upon coming into the House the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon.

"This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower 350*l.*"

(To be continued.)

SIGHS OF BOOKS.

The Battle of Waterloo, by Thomas Fitzgerald. Hatchard.

THIS is, in part, a republication of some of the effusions of Mr. Fitzgerald's patriotic Muse on the noblest of modern victories. The return of the anniversary has suggested the addition of a considerable number of lines, animated with the same spirit of honourable devotion to the great cause.

Floral Emblems. By Henry Phillips. 8vo, pp. 352. Saunders and Ottley.

WE have heretofore had occasion to speak so favourably of Mr. Phillips' productions, his *Pomarium Britannicum*, &c. that we are sorry to find it impossible to bestow a high meed of praise upon the present publication. The subject is a delightful one; and with more of reading and research might furnish forth an exceedingly interesting volume. But the author seems to have contented himself with obvious common-places and too-well known anecdotes and quotations, and these not always the best. Neither are the plates well done. Yet, though not what it might have been, there is some pleasant reading in *Floral Emblems*.

A Critical Examination of Dr. Macculloch's Work on the Highland and Western Isles of Scotland. 12mo. pp. 302. Edinburgh. D. Lizars.

THE Epigraph says, from Burns, "Some books are lies frae end to end;" and the author, with genuine Celtic impetuosity, shows up Dr. Macculloch as the writer of one work of the aforesaid description. He certainly hits the Doctor very hard sometimes, but is rather too acrimonious for complete victory. We shall, however, notice his volume again, and only mention it here that it may be known to the

"Land of Cakes and brother Scots,
From Maiden Kirk to John-o'-Grants."

how vigorous a defender their national honour has found in the present anonymous work.

The Juvenile Sketch Book. 12mo. R. Thomas. Is a collection of stories well meant for the reading of young people. It is difficult, however, so far to remember our early days, as to be able to trace our principles of action at that period of life; and still more difficult to write and reason upon them as a young person would write and reason. Neither of these difficulties have been surmounted here.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PROJECTED ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

In a former Gazette we stated the particulars of this project of Sir H. Davy's, to assemble all the beasts of the earth, all the birds of the air, and all the fishes of the waters, and give them a local habitation in England, as in Noah's Ark in the times of darkness and deluge. We expressed certain doubts of the practicability of this scheme upon a large scale, where tigers should be coupled with Tibet sheep, vultures with Argos pheasants, and sharks swim lovingly cheek by jowl with dolphins. The millennium would, we were afraid, come on immediately after the completion of this menagerie. The plan however is still on foot, as we observe by a second paper which is handed about; and contains the names of between seventy and eighty (chiefly) distinguished individuals who have become subscribers at the annual rate of two pounds, with an entrance fee of three.

The paper briefly states that—

"It is proposed to establish a Society bearing the same relations to Zoology and Animal Life that the Horticultural Society bears to Botany and the Vegetable Kingdom.

"The object is to attempt the introduction of new races of Quadrupeds, Birds, or Fishes, &c. applicable to purposes of utility, either in our Farm Yards, Gardens, Woods, Waters, Lakes, or Rivers; and to connect with this object a general Zoological collection of prepared specimens."

And the public at large is invited to produce those who wish to be original members of this original Society.

In the meantime a similar Institution has been formed, though on a smaller scale, by an ingenious fellow, whose establishment may be viewed on one of the bridges across the Thames. In a cage he has got together cats and sparrows, owls and mice, and sundry other animals, not usually seen residing together in such harmony and good fellowship. Probably the hint for the enlarged Zoological Society was taken from this, though the President of the Royal Society has not acknowledged it in his prospectuses. *Apropos des bettes*; speaking of the Royal Society and its present pursuits, it may amuse our readers to see how infinitely more useful they are now than they were when it was first formed under Lord Brouncker,* after the restoration of Charles II. Among the memorabilia recorded by the delightful Pepys, we find the following:

"Jan. 9, 1664-5. I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows' hands are to be entered there, and lie as a monument;

*The first president, of whom it is written—"My Lord Brouncker with us to Mrs. Williams's lodgings, and Sir W. Batten, Sir Edmund Pooley, and others; and there, it being my Lord's birth-day, had every one a green riband tied in our hats very foppishly; and methinks mightily disgracefully for my Lord to have his folly so open to all the world with this woman."

and the King hath put his with the word Founder."

"To-night there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dog let out (till he died) into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side. The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body."

"May 30, 1607. After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very dusty, (the day of meeting of the Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council-day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council;) where I find very much company, in expectation of the Duchesse of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was; after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchesse with her women attending her; among others the Ferabosco, of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise but a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchesse hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did while she was there turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare.

"--- With Creed to a tavern, where Dean Wilkins and others: and good discourse; among the rest, of a man that is a little frantic (that hath been a kind of Minister, Dr. Wilkins saying that he hath read for him in his church), that is poor and a debauched man, that the College have hired for 20s. to have some of the blood of a sheep let into his body; and it is to be done on Saturday next. They purpose to let in about twelve ounces; which, they compute, is what will be let in in a minute's time by a watch. On this occasion Dr. Whistler told a pretty story related by Muffett, a good author, of Dr. Cayus that built Caius College; that being very old, and living only at that time upon woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry fretful woman, was so himself; and then being advised to take it of a good-natured patient woman, he did become so beyond the common temper of his age.

"Nov. 30. To Arundell House, to the election of officers for the next year; where I was near being chosen of the Council, but am glad I was not, for I could not have attended, though above all things I could wish it: and do take it as a mighty respect to have been named there. Then to Cary House, a house now of entertainment, next my Lord Ashly's; where I have heretofore heard Common Prayer in the time of Dr. Mossum. I was pleased to see the person who had his blood taken out. He speaks well, and did this day give the Society a relation thereof in Latin, saying that he finds himself much better since, and as a new man: but he is cracked a little in his head, though he speaks

*This was first at Gresham College, however, though adopted by the Royal Society.—Ed.

very reasonably, and very well. He had but 20s. for his suffering it, and is to have the same again tried upon him: the first sound man that ever had it tried on him in England, and but one that we hear of in France."

Thus we see how Presidents and Royal Societies were employed in old times. Ours is an enlightened age: at least we are always saying so; and really many people believe it!!!

Let Sir H. Davy and Mr. Brande, therefore, beware of going near the Tower: the wardens whereof vow vengeance against them, for projecting an opposition to their lions. Perhaps they may go the length of letting the blood of some innocent beasts into them by way of experiment: infecting, for example, the president from a constructive beaver, and the secretary from a quilled porcupine.

ASTRONOMY.

Evening Amusements for July.—The planet Mercury comes in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 9th day, and consequently will be invisible to us during the month. Venus, in the constellation Taurus, passes over 23 degrees in progressive motion, and will be at her greatest elongation on the 29th day, after which her motion will be regressive. At the commencement of the month this planet will rise about half-past one in the morning, N.E. by E. 4 E., and at the close, 55min. past midnight, N.E. by E. On the 10th, 11th, and 12th days, Venus's appearance among the Hyades will be very interesting: on the 10th she will be in conjunction with the 18 Taurus; on the 11th, with the 28; on the 12th, with the E Taurus, or upper Bull's eye, passing between the two first and the latter stars on the 11th day. On the 14th day she will be in conjunction with Aldebaran 1st of Taurus; on the 18th day, in the middle of a cluster of minute stars, several of which will be occulted on the 26th day, in conjunction with the planet Saturn; and on the 31st, with 2 Taurus, or tip of Bull's lower horn. When at her greatest elongation, nearly half of her body will be illuminated. Mars is in the constellation Gemini, with a progressive motion, and will pass on the 25th day, but, from its close approximation to the Sun, will be scarcely visible throughout the month. Jupiter passes from the constellation Cancer into Leo approaching the Sun. This planet will only be seen in the early part of the evening, at the beginning of the month: no eclipses of his satellites will be visible. Saturn is still in the constellation Taurus, with a small progressive motion. On the 30th day, Saturn, Venus, and Aldebaran, will appear in a line with each other.

July 1st, Georgian rises S.E. by E. 4 E. 8^h 35^m

culminates 12 37

21, H rises 7 15

culminates 11 12

This planet will be in opposition to the Sun, by the Earth passing between them, on the 10th day. It is still in the constellation Sagittarius, without any particular star near, to mark its situation. Towards the close of the month, however, it will appear nearly midway between two stars of the sixth magnitude; the southernmost having two stars of the fifth magnitude a little below it.

Phases of the Moon.

☾ Last Quarter	7 ^d	19 ^h	24 ^m
☾ New Moon	15	10	25
☾ First Quarter	22	3	34
☾ Full Moon	29	9	57

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, June 17.—At the Congregation on Saturday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. T. Shelford, Fellow of Corpus Christi college; Rev. T. Archdall, Fellow of Emmanuel college; Rev. R. A. Singleton, of St. John's college, compounder.

Master of Arts.—Rev. A. Stapleton, Queen's college, compounder.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—C. B. Broadley, Esq. Trinity college, compounder; Rev. C. Leicester, Trinity hall, compounder.

OXFORD, June 18.—On Wednesday morning last a Convocation was holden in the Theatre, when the following distinguished persons were admitted to the Honorary Degree of Doctor in Civil Law, presented by the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Registrar of the University, and Deputy Professor of Civil Law:

Sir J. Stuart, Bart., of Allbank, Berwickshire; Sir C. Oakeley, Bart., formerly Governor of Madras; G. F. Lyon, Esq., Captain R.N.; F. Chantrey, Esq., R.A.

After the above gentlemen had been presented to their Degrees, the Creweian Oration was eloquently delivered by the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A., of Brasenose college, Professor of Poetry. On the conclusion of the Oration, the Prize Compositions were recited. The Latin Essay—"De Tribunicia apud Romanos Potestate," was spoken by F. Oakeley, B.A., of Christ church; the English Essay—"Language in its copiousness and structure, considered as a test of national civilization," by J. W. Mylne, B.A., of Balliol college. Then followed the recitation of the Latin Prize Poem, the subject "*Incendium Londinense, anno 1666*," by Mr. E. P. Blunt, scholar of Corpus Christi college; after which Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize, English Verse—"The Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli," was spoken by Mr. R. C. Sewell, demy of Magdalen college.

On Thursday the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—E. Buller, Esq. Oriel college, grand compounder; Hon. and Rev. C. Finch, Merton college, grand compounder; Rev. H. Allen, Worcester college; Rev. G. Baldwin, Brasenose college; Rev. F. C. Massey, Magdalen college; R. Biscoe, student, W. H. Butler, Rev. R. L. Benson, and Rev. E. Howells, Christ church; Rev. A. Jones, St. John's college; Rev. J. Olive, Wadham college; Rev. G. R. Paulson, Balliol college.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. M. Bouner, Esq., Christ church, grand compounder; T. Middleton, St. Edmund hall; W. Robertson, demy of Magdalen college; B. J. Harrison, student, and N. Bland, Christ church; R. Etwell, Trinity college; W. Welsh, St. John's college; Sir G. Prevost, Bart., Oriel college; J. Cox, St. Mary hall; Hon. J. Milford, new college.

THE LITERARY FUNDS.

THE Country Anniversary of this admirable Charity was observed at Greenwich, on Wednesday; Lord Torrington, one of the Vice-Presidents, in the chair. Before dinner a Committee sat, and relief was voted to several distressed authors and their families. The social part of the entertainment was then entered upon; and a party of about fifty enjoyed it with great good humour till the evening warned them that they had some miles to return. The noble chairman contributed much to the gratification of the company, which consisted chiefly of persons distinguished for rank or literary character.

ANGELO MAL.—CICERO.

M. LE CLERC terminates a notice in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, of the recently-discovered fragments of Cicero, with the following translation of the new peroration to the pleading for Scaurus, in which he has, from conjecture, and with the assistance of some passages which have been cited by ancient writers, filled up several little chasms.

"In whatever way I turn my eyes, I behold materials for the defence of Marcus Scaurus. The palace which you see will always recall the virtues of his father, the chief of the senate; and one would say that L. Metellus himself, his maternal grandfather, placed before you in this temple the most august divinities, only to obtain, by their intercession, the safety of his grandson; and the more especially as these very divinities have

often protected the unhappy persons who have implored their succour. This capitol, dignified by three temples; these magnificent offerings with which the father and the son have ornamented the entrance of the sanctuary of the King of the Gods, of Juno, and of Minerva, are Scaurus's defences. He is further defended by the memory of the High-Priest, Metellus, who, when the temple was on fire, plunged into the midst of the flames, and saved this Palladium, confided to the mysterious keeping of Vesta, as the security of our immortal empire. Why cannot he be for an instant reborn? Surely he would snatch from the danger which threatens him, this offspring of his house;—he, who rescued from the devouring flames the sacred image of Pallas. And thou, M. Scaurus, I have seen thee; I see thee yet. It is not alone the recollection of thee that presents itself to me; it is thyself; thee, whose noble aspect saddens and afflicts me when I behold the grief of thy son. Why can'st thou not, after having been present to my thoughts during the whole of this cause; why can'st thou not also fill with the memory of thee the minds of our judges, and descend to the bottom of their souls! Yes, thy single image should speak for thy son; and thy name, which the people have all learned to pronounce, should serve him for a rampart. Even those who never saw thee, recognized in thee the first citizen of Rome. By what name am I to invoke thee? Art thou to be counted among men? But thou art not with us. Among those who are no more? But thou livest: thou livest a pure and incorruptible life; thou livest in the heart, before the eyes of every Roman. A divine soul is immortal; and it is only thy body that has perished. Wherever thou art, view thy son with tutelar regard; inspire his judges with moderation; and preserve to his kinsmen a faithful protector, to the senate one of its most illustrious members, to Rome an eminent citizen."

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

BEFORE making any further observations on the pictures above stairs, we shall look round on the varieties of the Antique Academy; and though the light, and opportunity for observation, must for a time continue to be denied to the spectators in this place, we rejoice to anticipate that it is likely to be short, and that there is at length a prospect that the Enamels, Drawings, and Miniatures, will find a station more suitable to the class to which they belong, and, we hope, separate from pictures in oil. The engravings, by associates, are now mingled with the drawings, &c.; but it would be well to have them also distinct, and to admit a more extended range of examples in this way.

No. 445. Charles the First (enamel, after the original by Vandyke, in the collection of the Earl of Surrey, Worksop Manor, Nottinghamshire). H. Bone, R.A.—The original of this beautiful enamel has, we understand, been revived from dirt and oblivion by Mr. R. T. Bone, whose judicious management has restored to the above collection one of the finest examples of Vandyke's pencil, and one of the fairest resemblances of that excellent and lamented monarch. From this admirable copy in enamel, may be formed some idea of the value and importance of the original.

434. Vandyke's Portrait as Paris; (enamel, after the original by Vandyke, in the collection of the Marquis of Hertford), by the same artist, is also conspicuous for its fidelity to its prototype, and for the beauty of its execution. Mr. Bone has two other enamels, No. 440, Jane, Duchess of Gordon (after Sir Joshua Reynolds), and No. 453, Count Michael Woronzow (after

Sir Thomas Lawrence), equally characteristic of his care and finish.

It will be seen in Nos. 439, 441, 442, 444, and 446, that Messrs. Higham, Roth, Lee, and Essex, in the class of enamel painting, have laboured with considerable success.

537. Preparations for a Fancy Ball; portraits of the Misses Scott. A. E. Chalon, R.A.—This drawing, and 543, Portraits of the Sons of the Right Hon. Frederick Beauclerk, by the same artist, exhibit a high character of taste and execution, which, apart from the portrait, stamps a value on the artist's compositions, and mainly assists in rendering this miscellaneous part of the Exhibition universally attractive. The Portraits, (451) of the Right Hon. the Ladies Cornwallis, are also beautiful examples of his varied pencil.

558. Portrait of Thomas Paul Sandby, Esq. G. Lewis.—This gentleman is, we understand, the son of the late Paul Sandby, Esq., who was one of earliest members of the Royal Academy, and whose genius, talents, and kindly disposition, will, as they well deserve, be remembered as long as the grace and feeling of English landscape drawing continues to be held in esteem, by every judicious and enlightened amateur. No one can doubt of the fidelity of Mr. Lewis's portraits who have had an opportunity of seeing his skill; and the execution speaks for itself, placing the artist high in the rank of this class of drawing.

534. Greek Soldiers pointing out to their women the distant Euxine, &c. &c. G. Jones, R.A.—This drawing, as well as 539, (Crucifixion) shows the extensive powers and versatile talents of this able artist, the sublimity and poetry of whose great conceptions would do credit to the genius of any, the most distinguished in the highest walks of art: indeed we know of no artist, since the time of Louthbourg, whose pencil embraces so great a variety of subjects, and excelling in all.

465. Rise of the River Stour, at Stourhead. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—It is here that we recognize the pencil of Mr. Turner in its power of sweetness—nature, without being overlaid with the embellishments of art.

The clusters of miniatures which occupy the window wings bear a proportion of merit equal to those works which occupy a larger space; and in point of sentiment, character, and execution, hold a station in the art, equal to that of any other class; but they labour under the disadvantage of being crowded, and seen too much in contact with each other, and, like gems ill set, lose thus much of their effect. We find the same degree of excellence as formerly, under the names of Chalon, Robertson, Newton, Richard, Denning, and W. H. Watts. The last-mentioned artist has a portrait (758) of a young gentleman of great musical genius, the expression of which most happily accords with the quotation:

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Intensity of thought, or evidence of the inward workings of mind, have never been more successfully painted; and independently of its other excellences as a work of art, the pathetic expression of blindness in this production raises it to the highest pitch which we have ever seen miniature attain.

586. Portrait of E. Lodge, Esq., Norroy King at Arms, F. S. A. Wm. Derby.—Is a highly finished and beautiful variety among the miniatures.

599. Portrait of a Gentleman. Mrs. Green.—This, with several others by the same lady, exhibit her talents to great advantage; indeed there are few in this branch of art that rank higher than her performances.

Among the studies of Fruit and Flowers, Mrs.

Pope's composition is a very beautiful example; and the space allotted to this department of art, is skilfully filled up in Nos. 498, Tulips, *H. Mor-ton*; 500, A Group of Flowers, from nature, *Miss E. Tomkins*; 501, A Vase of Flowers, *J. Goddard*; 502, Fruit, *S. Platt, jun. H.*; 503, Flowers from Nature, *Miss Chapman, H.*; 504, Varieties of Camellias, *Mrs. Kearsey*; 497, A study of the striped Waratah Camellia Japonica, *A. Chandler, H.*; 495, Fruit and Flowers, *Mrs. D. Dighton*; and 496, Fruit from Nature, *Mrs. Cole*.

It will be seen by our list, that a great part of this splendid show of fruit and flowers is by the hands of our fair countrywomen; and we think the arrangement of them one of the Academy's best doings.

The Duke of York. Painted by Jackson, engraved by S. W. Reynolds and S. Cousins, published by Sans.

This is a good mezzotint of His Royal Highness, in a plain dress, with a star. The only defect we find in the likeness is, that the nose appears to be, perhaps, too large; but the general effect is good, and the resemblance sufficiently strong. Indeed, its character is force, not refinement.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ALMOND TREE.

FLEETING and falling,
Where is the bloom
Of yon fair almond tree?
It is sunk to its tomb.
Its tomb, wheresoever
The wind may have borne
The leaves and the blossoms,
Its roughness has torn.
Some there are floating
On yon fountain's breast,—
Some line the moss
Of the nightingale's nest,—
Some are just strewn
O'er the green grass below,
And there they lie stainless,
As winter's first snow.
Yesterday, on the boughs
They hung scented and fair;
To-day, they are scattered
The breeze best knows where.
To-morrow, those leaves
Will be scentless and dead,
For the kind to lament
And the careless to tread.
And is it not thus
With each hope of the heart?
With all its best feelings
Thus will they depart.
They'll go forth to the world
On the wings of the air,
Rejoicing and hoping,
But what will be there.
False lights to deceive,
False friends to delude,
Till the heart, in its sorrow,
Left only to brood;—
Over-feeeling crushed, chilled,
Sweet hopes ever flown;
Like that tree, when its green leaves
And blossoms are gone. L. E. L.

THE INSTANT: A SONG.

An! Mary, smile not at my woes,
Nor mock my just upbraiding;
When you to Henry gave that rose
Your love to me was fading.
I sared held the oaths you swore,
Then wherefore can you wonder:
When Mary Henry's favours wore
Our ties were torn asunder.

There's but one love—one way of love—
Whole, changeless, and confiding:
Let but a doubt th' enchantment move,
And where's the spell abiding? TEUTHA.

MUSIC.

New Publications: *Il Crociato in Egitto*.

Among the grand supplies for the music-sellers, i. e. the English and Italian operas, those of Rossini, Bishop, and Weber are still principally resorted to for new materials. In other words, the favourite airs of "Il Barbiere," "Faust," and "Preciosa," to say nothing more of the Frieschütz, continue to be offered to the public in as great a variety of forms as ingenuity can invent. At the same time the want of something new and striking is sensibly felt; and Meyerbeer's celebrated "Il Crociato in Egitto," which has been preparing for some time at the Italian Opera, is therefore expected with considerable interest. From the single and detached pieces that have been published of this Opera, it is not possible to judge of the whole, which, according to the Italian and French critics, is a work of very superior merit; and therefore, until we shall be called upon to give some account of this work, we content ourselves with noticing some novelties of lesser pretensions.

Aufforderung Zum Tanze, or the invitation to dance, brilliant Rondo for the Piano, by C. M. Von Weber. Paine and Hopkins.

Among the small number of the instrumental compositions of Weber, there is perhaps not one in its character so vocal (if that term may be used instead of melodious), and flowing as this invitation. If it must be called a rondo, on account of the repetition of the subject throughout, it is in another respect nothing but a waltz, and comes therefore under that new species of composition, "The Waltz-Rondo." We suppose it is for the sake of greater facility that it has been transposed from the grand key of A flat, in which it was originally written, into that of E flat; but however that may be, it is impossible not to be delighted with the grace and feeling of the introduction, though there is certainly not a sufficient variety of ideas in the Allegro Vivace that follows.

Mozart's celebrated air, "Non Più Andrai," varied for the Pianoforte, by J. P. Pixis. Clementi & Co.

Pixis is a Vienna musician, at present residing in Paris, who endeavours to follow the footsteps of the great Hummel, by combining melody with brilliancy and learning. The air before us would be alone sufficient to prove him a man of very superior talents, and fully capable of attaining such an object. Out of the five variations the fourth may be called the best.

No. I. Musical Sketch, in which is introduced the admired Scotch air, "Wandering Willy," by F. Kalkbrenner, Op. 74. Chappell & Co.

Since Mr. Kalkbrenner's departure from this country, he has not presented his numerous admirers with any thing so acceptable. A sketch, by the hand of such a master, is at all times more valuable than the finished and laboured production of a dauber and a bungler. The introduction (an Adagio) bears no comparison with the treatment of the air itself; the former, particularly in the middle, is uncertain, ambiguous, and full of crude modulations, so that the mind cannot fix on one single idea, whereas the sequel is perfectly clear and intelligible. That it is also brilliant and animated is, in Kalkbrenner's works, just as much a matter of course as in those of Hummel and Moscheles.

Allegri di Bravura, composed for the Pianoforte, by D. Schlesinger, Op. 1. Cramer & Co.

A respectable musical work has made this composition the subject of some severe remarks; and we think most justly, as it contains neither talent nor genius. Allegri di Bravura are, moreover, in the list of musical works, a sort of non-descript, neither Sonato nor Concerto, nor any thing else of a definite character. Mr. Schlesinger is a native of Germany and a pupil of Ries.

To those pianoforte players who would wish to have gratification at the expense of a little trouble, we can safely recommend the following new compositions:

Divertimento on the favourite airs of Rossini's opera, "Il Barbiere," by G. Kiallmark.

The favourite airs of Weber's opera, "Preciosa," arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, by T. Latour.

La belle Sorcière, the admired romance, ballet, and chorus, in the opera "Preciosa," for flute and piano, by Charles Weiss. They are published by Chappell & Co.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The Parrot.

NO. VI.

Tom Truelove.

TOM TRUELOVE was one of the highest spirited fellows breathing; he was thought, by all his acquaintances, too wild to marry; he was always joking on the subject, and declaring that nothing should induce him to be caught in the conjugal noose. Tom was a handsome fellow, and much admired for the fair sex; he returned their partiality, but his attentions went no further than flirting: he was fond of his bottle at the same time, and, although not a spendthrift, was as expensive as he possibly could be, without dipping into his principal; he always rode good horses and spared no price; thus merrily his life run on. Different avocations separated us: the army took me to India, and I there read of Tom's marriage, at Harrowgate; I paid little attention to the circumstance; "a large fortune!" quoth I to myself, "some heavy temptation, powerful charms," but the money seemed the most likely: I gave the matter no further thought until I returned, nearly a dozen years afterwards, to England. Paying a morning visit in Dover street, I saw Mr. Truelove's card in a card-rack, and determined to call upon him, anticipating much pleasure in talking over old stories, and in bantering him on his former habits and protestations, his defying the charms of the fair, and his praises of the joys of a bachelor's life; I also promised myself at least one jovial bout, certain that Tom would live in excellent style, and keep a good table, and have all things, particularly his wife, in good order; for he used to laugh men to scorn who failed in this particular, despising petticoat government, undue influence, &c. &c. &c. I knocked at his door, which was opened by a modest-looking footman (a *rara avis*, in the west-end of the town). "Is your master at home?" said I. "I don't exactly know, Sir," replied the footman, "I am but just come in, but I will go up stairs and see; your name if you please." I gave my name, and begged of him to add, that I had been but a few days in town, arrived from abroad, and had been one of his oldest acquaintances, deeming this precaution necessary, as old acquaintances have often very short memories: a flutter seized my heart, for I had a warm regard for Tom, and I felt an emotion which every warm heart must experience at the little interesting uncertainty of how an old friend may be, how fortune may have treated him, whether his regard and sincerity correspond with our own,

and the like—sensations easier imagined than expressed. What a blight is a cold reception under these circumstances! how wrinkles, premature age, the bloom of the cheek faded, the impression of sickness, shock the beholder! Poverty I apprehended not: Tom had a thousand per annum as a single man, and doubtless would have provided for an increased establishment, and for the contingent expenses of wedlock. I listened attentively, half hoping to be called up stairs, by my Christian name, by himself; I almost prayed that his voice might be strong, and its tone lively and cordial: I heard a female voice only, and now concluded that he was not at home, and that I must be kept longer in suspense, and either wait for his returning my visit, or call again. Whilst fumbling for my address card, the footman came back, saying, "My master is at home to you, but to no one else;" very flattering, thought I, and I ascended the staircase, four stairs at a time, in the flutter of pleasure. I entered, and found Tom with a book in his hand, one child between his knees, another teasing him at the back of the chair, a high-dressed lady opposite him, superintending the work of a pretty little girl, and a fourth child with a paper fool's cap, blubbling in a corner; he rose up and took me by the hand, I pressed his in mine most heartily. "My dear Tom I am delighted to see you," exclaimed I, and then made my obeisance to madame;—his was a smile in return, but such a smile as that where kindness and regret meet and mingle together,—a sigh and a smile struggling for mastery: he motioned me to sit by him, and then, releasing the little school-boy from his task, and from his situation between his knees, he said, "go away with you, stupid little creature, there's no making you learn any thing; heigh ho!" Away ran the dull scholar, whilst the boy at the back of the chair pulled his father's ears by way of fun. "Hare done, you wicked little plague," cried he; at which moment the girl in the corner cried most distressfully, and mama's companion pricked her finger with a needle, and screamed like a screech owl.—"A pretty family concert!" observed Tom to me, with a shrug of his shoulders.—"Yes," but you have very fine children," said I, wishing to calm matters; "you are a very happy fellow:" this lit up a smile and a welcome together from madame. I interposed to have the fool's cap removed, and to have the penance remitted, and was in the act of applying court plaister to the other girl's wounded finger, when she gave me a slap in the face, and added to it, "you hurt me, you do, you nasty man."—"Turn them all out," loudly vociferated my friend; whereon the whole four gave tongue together, in groans, moans, lachrymose accents, and lamentations, and ran out one after the other. Madame angrily accented, "Stupid man, you always expect more of children than they can perform—I never saw any thing like you." In order to change the subject, I asked if he had any more children? Ah! yes, six more,—ten in all, plenty of children, and plenty of trouble with them." (Madame)—"And if you had none you'd be always complaining; men are the most contradictory beings on earth."—"Will you dine with us to-morrow?" said he to me. (Madame)—"No, dear, we are engaged."—"Humph; madam can contradict too," said I to myself; "then on Thursday," resumed he, "I hope so," added she, but never did hope wear such a livery; not the shadow of a smile was to be seen; all insincerity; but I accepted the invitation. I was impatient for the arrival of the day when I was to partake of a family dinner, which had the more attraction for me because it would give me an opportunity of retracing the scenes of our youth,

when left *tête-à-tête* with my old acquaintance, after madame had retired from table. The day and hour came, Truelove looked in something like good spirits, but the lines of care were strongly and deeply impressed upon his features; he was much altered. I offered my arm to madame, to descend the staircase from the drawing-room to the dining-parlour: "Don't you find your friend much improved since you saw him?" inquired she, adding, "he is grown fatter since he was a single man."—"He is looking very well," replied I, "and how could it be otherwise with so much happiness about him?" I never told a fib with so bad a grace. "We have a fine family," said she, bridling up to look more becomingly. We were now seated at table: there was a great deal of parade,—a show of plate,—much ceremony—but a very scanty, homely dinner, after all, made the most of by wax-lights, flowers round the dishes, and trickery; the circulation of the wine was like that of a miser's coin, or still more like the current of his heart, slow and niggardly: at the second glass of *Cape Madeira* (which I expected not to see, and which madame called *Madeira*, forgetting that I had doubled the Cape, and was not to be imposed upon), she asked me, "pray, did not Truelove drink very hard when first you knew him?"—"Not particularly," answered I.—"He is very sober now," said she, "I have quite reformed him."—"So I perceive," quoth I, "rather drily. The dessert was long and dead sober (as Pat calls it in contradistinction to *dead drunk*). On her retiring, he took my hand and pressed it kindly, filling a bumper and giving "Love and friendship." I had almost forgotten to mention, that the whole ten children were paraded after the cloth was taken off, and a more noisy and troublesome set I never beheld; they were of all sizes, from one in nurse's arms up to one of nearly eleven years of age, extremely robust and womanly for her age. "A very agreeable lady, your wife is," said I, seeing him dull: "very," answered he, in a faint voice; "and money?" continued I—"a little," responded he, in a still more subdued tone, "a few thousands, all spent, and more promised, which I shall never get; I was infatuated to marry, and never calculated on what wedlock might produce; I am really a very poor man with a thousand per annum; have given up my horses, and all my comforts, and I must either dip into my capital and be ruined in time, live miserably, or go abroad." "I am sorry for that," said I, sincerely—a violent ringing of the bell preceded the appearance of the footman, announcing, in a firm tone, "coffee's ready." Tom asked me to take another glass, but the two decanters only averaged one between us; so with the half glass each, we walked up stairs. Tom looked pitiable; the evening concluded by an exhibition of the little children's talents, and *talons* also, for the child who had slapped my face, scratched that of the baby, and a family scene ensued: "Is this matrimony?" murmured I to myself, as I went out of the house. I invited Truelove to a coffee-house dinner, but he sent an excuse. Alas! poor Tom. Just as these concluding words were uttered, the Parrot added,—poor fellow! Ha, ha, ha, ha.

POLITICS.

THE news since our last consists of reports more favourable to the Turks than the Greeks, in the struggle between them. Parliament is closing up its labours for the session.

VARIETIES.

Surrey Literary Institution.—This Institution, the foundation of which we noticed some months ago, we are glad to hear flourishes vigorously.

The first half yearly meeting was held on the 16th; the Rev. John Vane, A. M. in the chair. The chief subject in discussion, after reading the report of the managers, was a proposition to advance the amount of subscription to new members, and the recommendation to do so was adopted. The Chairman and Dr. Birbeck addressed the meeting, and spoke warmly in favour of the increased facilities which in this age were given for literary and scientific improvements to every class of society.

Faughall.—The proprietors, we hear, purpose getting up a Grand Caledonian Fête early in July: if they can obtain any numerous attendance of company in the "Garb of old Gaul," it must produce a splendid effect in gardens lighted with more than the "fire of old Rome."

The Infant Lyra.—The remarks upon this phenomenon in our last number have procured to our office a visit of the extraordinary little creature who was their subject. Thence we learn that, notwithstanding all her exertions, she enjoys excellent health, and that her lively and playful appearance fully supported this fact. As we never had but one opinion of her remarkable precocious talent, we hasten to remove the impression which we felt and communicated, that it was exercised to the injury of a being so interesting.

The Hirundo fulva (or Tawny-coloured Swallow) of North America.—These birds are only now beginning to approach the dwellings of man. They preserve in this new abode the social habits which distinguish them in the solitudes in which they live in numerous troops, executing common labours, rendering mutual succour, attacking, and defending themselves at the same time. These habits have entitled their species to the name of "the republican swallow." Their troops sometimes consist of several hundreds of pairs; and every thing proves that they are united by an instinct of sociability; for there are occasionally to be found solitary and silent pairs, confining themselves to the desert. Consequently, it is not to any common want that the associations formed by the greater number of these birds is to be attributed. There is no time to lose if it be thought desirable by accurate and closely followed up observations to ascertain the present condition of the species, in order one day to compare it with what it will become after its introduction into cities. According to Buffon, beavers had acquired in the solitudes of America, by the necessary effect of the instinct of association, certain faint arts, which they lost when the invasions and power of man dispersed them, and reduced them to live more in families. Will the innocent republic of swallows be more fortunate? Will it find an asylum among a people who owe it, by so many titles, favour and protection? Will it lose the industry which has procured for it the name of *hirundo opifex*; or will it become still more skilful in its labours of construction? Will it employ more solid materials, &c.? Such are the inquiries which will certainly not be neglected in America. They will probably form a supplement to the researches of Mr. Audubon, a zealous naturalist of New-York, who has made several journeys on purpose to observe the swallows in question. This gentleman has, it is said, devoted twenty years to the study of American ornithology; and possesses a collection of above four hundred drawings of birds, made by himself.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Periodicals.—The retirement of Mr. Gifford from the Editorship of the Quarterly Review has been publicly announced for several months; and we observe from a notice in the Monthly Review, that ill health has also obliged its Editor, Mr. Griffiths, to withdraw from that long-established periodical. A new series has been commenced under other auspices.

Mr. Salamis is, we hear with pleasure, preparing a work for the press, under the title of "My own Life; or, an Account of my Travels and Adventures from the age of 10 to 30," &c.

There is also in the press, a Paraphrase of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, with Notes. By the Rev. J. G. Tolley.

The Broken Heart and other Poems are announced by E. Reade.

We understand that Dr. Gibney, resident Physician at Brighton, has now in the press, a Treatise on the Medical Application of the Vapour Bath, comprising its chemical qualities, and a philosophical commentary upon its general nature and properties. This is a subject of considerable consequence, and it is rather a curious circumstance, that it has not, until very lately, engaged the attention of medical practitioners in the degree it should engage it. Our Gazette may claim some praise for having brought it forward.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.
Holland's Arithmetic, 12mo. 2s. bound—New Annual Register of 1824, 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Reviews, by the Rev. Robert Hall, 8vo. 4s. sewed—Critical Examination of Dr. Macculloch's Western Isles, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Dunin's Commercial Power of Great Britain, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Tales of the Crusaders, 4 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 2s. bds.—Newcombe's Life of Dr. Sharp, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 12s. bds.—Dungen's Memoirs, 2 vols. 8vo. English & French, 11s. 6d. bds.—James's Pilgrimage, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of J. and F. Bowdler, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Tales by an unassuming Author, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Honour on Indifference, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Lays of the Minstrel, 8vo. 14s. 6d. bds.—Phillips's Floral Emblems, 8vo. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. bds.—Coloured—Rose's Orlando Furioso, vol. III. crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Jamieson's Supplement to his Scottish Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. 5s. 6d. bds.—Petersdorf's Common Law, vol. II. royal 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Jorgan's Lady Abbeys, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Hessell's Remains of Wolfe, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Country Vicar, Bride of Threbyrig, and other Poems, fcap. 8vo. 6s. bds.—Daniel's Voyage, vol. VIII. folio, 71s. 6d. bds.; also an Index Chart to the Voyage, price 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. J. is under consideration; and indeed many other correspondents.

The J. P. meant in our last, refers to the writer of "My Grandfather's Legacy."

So far from inserting T. E. A. L. B.'s lines, as it "may induce him to continue his work entitled 'The Redemption,'"—we advise him, by all means, to abandon that work.

Errata—In the hurried exertion to include a large proportion of novelty in our last Number, several errors of the press occurred, and we will thank our readers to make the following corrections:

Page 383, col. 1, line 9, delete the first *or*.
Page 384, Royal Academy, line 1, for *connect* read *concern*; and for Professor of *Perpective*, read *Painting*.
Northern Society, line 12, for *lighter* read *richer*.
In Notice to the Public at the EGYPTIAN HALL, prefixed to the notice of *Milton*, is an improvement of the printer, which we beg to disclaim. After Troubadour, a comma is wanted.

In List of Works, for Cantabrigiense read Cantabrigiense. Insert a full stop after *blue book*.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall-Mall.—The Gallery, with a selection of Pictures of living Artists of the English School, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.
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London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall-Mall East.

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